

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

VOL. 5--NO. 47.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, AUGUST 3, 1850.

WHOLE NO. 255.

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We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor, All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

Selections.

Jay's Reply to Prof. Stuart.

REPLY TO REMARKS OF REV. MOSES STUART, late of Andover Theological Seminary, on Hon. JOHN JAY, and an Examination of his Scriptural Exegesis, contained in his recent Pamphlet, entitled, "Conscience and the Constitution."

BY WILLIAM JAY.

REV. SIR: In your late work, "Conscience and the Constitution," you have by a coarse and clumsy device attempted to rebuke me in the name of my honored parent. The character of your assault upon me is intended to convey the impression, without the responsibility of a direct assertion, that were John Jay now alive he would concur with you in sustaining the course of Mr. Webster, and in condemning the doctrine of the sinfulness of human bondage. I owe it to his memory to save it from such a stigma.

You refrain from quoting the "declarations" by which, as you assert, I "degrade and vilify" my own parent, and "hold him up to contempt." The justice which you deny me, I accord to you, and give the language on which I intend to comment:

"I could not help thinking more particularly on one great and good man, who took an active part in all the formative process of our General Government, and by skill and wisdom saved our settlements from the horrors of Indian aggression. Every one will, of course, know that I speak of the illustrious JOHN JAY. What if his portrait had been hanging in the hall where the Anti-slavery Society recently met under the presiding auspices of his descendant? Would it not have brought to every mind the recollection of what the Earl of Chatham said, when addressing a descendant (then in the House of Commons) of a noble ancestor, whose picture was in full view? His words were, 'From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor looks down and frowns upon his degenerate offspring.' I must except, in my application of this declaration, the last two words. They should not be applied to such a man as the Hon. William Jay. But I may say: Would not his immortal ancestor have looked down with a mixture of sorrow and of frowning, when the presiding officer of that meeting went on to say, that Mr. Webster had not made his speech from any conviction of sentiment, but because the cotton merchants and manufacturers of Boston demanded such views to be maintained, and these gentry had of course given it their approbation? This—all this—of such a man as Mr. Webster. And all this, too, of the Boston gentlemen who commanded Mr. Webster's speech! To one who knows them as well as I do, this is absolutely shocking. At all events, it is ungenteel; it is passionate; and what is more than all—it is absolutely false. To see the Hon. W. Jay presiding over such a meeting, and opening it with declarations which degrade and vilify his illustrious ancestor, and hold him up to contempt, forces one the spontaneous exclamation: O quam maledictus ab illo!" P. 62.

There is, sir, throughout your book, a freedom both of language and of censure, and a recklessness of consequences both to yourself and others, that bespeak at least great frankness. It is therefore singular, that in the above passage you should shrink from applying to me the epithet of "degenerate offspring"—an epithet I most richly merit, if what you say of me be true. Your disclaimer is not in keeping either with your language, or with your usual apparent sincerity.

You think the portrait of John Jay, at the late meeting, would have reminded all of the words you quote from Chatham. The reason why I presided over the Anti-slavery Society is, that now I am old, I do not depart from the way in which I was early trained by parental precept and example.

The first Anti-slavery Society ever formed in New-York, assembled in 1785, under "the presiding auspices" of JOHN JAY.—

The first clause of the preamble to its constitution contained the following affirmation:

"The benevolent Creator and Father of men having given to them all an equal right to life, liberty and property, no sovereign power on earth can justly deprive them of either, but in conformity to impartial government and laws to which they have expressly or tacitly consented."

Here, you perceive, sir, there is a recognition of Power above every constitution and government on earth. And what inference was drawn from the asserted gift of

the benevolent Creator and Father of men? "It is THEREFORE our DUTY, both as free citizens and Christians, not only to regard with compassion the injustice done to those among us who are held as slaves, but to endeavor by lawful ways and means to enable them to share equally with us in that civil and religious liberty with which an indulgent Providence has blessed these States, and to which our brethren are AS MUCH ENTITLED AS OURSELVES." You now discover, sir, that your denunciations against Abolitionists for their disregard for the laws of Moses, the precepts of Christ, and the teachings of the apostles, reach even the ancestor of him you have so ruthlessly assailed.

On the 12th Nov., 1785, the Society ordered a reprint of 2,000 copies of a certain pamphlet first published in 1776, and which in modern parlance would be described as "incendiary, inflammatory, and insurrectionary in the highest degree." With the temerity and insolence still lingering among Abolitionists, it was dedicated "To the Honorable Members of the Continental Congress." I know not whether the following extracts will most excite your astonishment or indignation:

Mr. Jay was not a nominal President. In his official capacity he corresponded with an Anti-slavery Society in France, and with another in England, and in his letter to the latter remarked, "We will cheerfully co-operate with you in endeavoring to procure advocates for the same cause in other countries."

In this same letter he declared that it was undoubtedly very inconsistent with the declarations of the United States, "on the subject of human rights, to permit a single slave to be found within their jurisdiction," and added, "We confess the justice of your structures on that head." And all this to Englishmen! Certainly John Jay's patriotism was much on a par with that of modern Abolitionists. He continued to occupy the chair of the Society till 1792, when he resigned it, on taking his seat on the bench, as Chief Justice of the United States. The elevation of an avowed Abolitionist, and the President of an Anti-slavery Society, to such a station must excite your astonishment. To use the words of your letter, "How profitable?" How reasonable and important is it, that we should at this time heartily enter into and thoroughly execute such a resolution? And that this implies the emancipation of ALL our African slaves, surely no one can doubt... May you judge the poor of the people, save the children of the needy, relieve the oppressed, and deliver the spoiled out of the hands of the oppressor, and be the happy instruments of procuring and establishing universal LIBERTY to white and black, to be transmitted down to the latest posterity."

On reading the tract thus dedicated, one is almost tempted to pronounce it a forgery by some of the fanatical Abolitionists of the present day, so remarkably does it correspond in sentiment and expression with their own writings. The following is like some of that plain talk which so grievously offends you: "Why should the ministers of the gospel hold their peace, and not testify against this great public INQUITY? How can they refuse to plead the cause of those oppressed poor against their cruel oppressor? They are commanded to lift up their voice and cry aloud, and show the people their sins.—Have we not reason to fear many of them have offended Heaven by their silence, through fear of the masters who stand ready to make war against any one who attempts to deprive them of their slaves; or because they themselves have slaves which they are not willing to give up? A number of churches in New-England have purged themselves of this iniquity, and determined not to tolerate slavery. If all the churches in these United States would come to the same measure, and imitate the Friends, called Quakers, would they not act more like Christian churches than they now do?"

Abolitionists, we are told, are vituperative; but this is no new thing; their fathers were so before them. "Though your horse, which had been stolen from you, has passed through many hands, and been sold ten times, you think you have a right to demand and take him, in whosesoever hands you find him, without refunding a farthing of what he cost him; and yet, though your negroes prove their right to themselves, and constantly make a demand upon you to deliver them up, you refuse till they pay the full price you gave for them, because the civil law will not oblige you to do it."—*Then Hypocrite.* Luke xiii. 15."

You affirm that "if Abolitionists are to be heard, God has sanctioned not only a positive evil, but one of the greatest of all crimes." P. 43. What think you then, sir, of the blasphemy of John Jay and his associates, who dared to disseminate such doctrine as the following?—"If it be not a sin of an open, flagrant violation of all the rules of justice and humanity, to hold these slaves in bondage, it is folly to put ourselves to any trouble and expense to free them; but if the contrary be true—if it be a sin of CRIMSON DYE, this reformation cannot be too soon, whatever difficulties are in the way."

Abuse of "our Southern brethren" is one of the many crimes charged by you upon Abolitionists; but you should recollect that the vice is hereditary. Here is some very old-fashioned abuse—contesting the plain that slave labor is indispensable in hot climates, the New-York Society says: "There is not the least evidence of this, but much to the contrary. The truth is, most of the whites which are born in the Southern States, or the West Indies, are not educated to labor, but great part of them in idleness and intemperance. The blacks are introduced to do the work, and it is thought a disgrace for a white person to get his living by labor. By this means the whites in general are vicious, and all imbibe a haughty, tyrannical spirit by holding so many slaves and many of them, rather a plague than a blessing to all about them."

Not only did the Society published this powerful Anti-slavery tract of 60 pages, but they also reprinted "AN ADDRESS TO THE OWNERS OF SLAVES IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES." I have room for only one extract from this Address:—"You who are professors of religion, and yet the owners of slaves, are entreated well to consider how you must appear in the sight of God, and of all who view your conduct in a true light,

while you attend your family and public devotions, and sit down from time to time at the table of the Lord. If your neighbor wrongs you of a few shillings, you think him utterly unfit to attend that sacred ordinance with you; but what is this to the wrong you are doing to your brethren whom you are holding in slavery? Should a man at Algiers have a number of your children his slaves, and should he by some means be converted, and become a professor of Christianity, set you at liberty?"

These two traits were, by the order of the Society, sent to each member of Congress, together with the Constitution, and the names of the officers. You will be amazed, sir, at the audacious impudence of such a measure, and especially when you recollect that JOHN JAY, under whose "presiding auspices" all this was done, was at the very moment holding, at the pleasure of Congress, the most important and I believe the most lucrative office in the Government. Yet strange as it may appear to you, and the present race of Northern politicians, he was neither removed from office, nor rebuked for his fanaticism and irreligion:

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May you judge the poor of the people, save the

children of the needy, relieve the oppres-

sor, and deliver the spoiled out of the hands

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You assail me for reflecting on the "Boston gentlemen who command Mr. Webster's speech." If you refer to the gentlemen who joined you in signing the thanksgiving letter, you are mistaken. I did not make one single allusion to them. I was speaking of the slave-catching bill for which Mr. Webster was to vote. My words were: "It is now a matter of cool New-England calculation. The cotton interest of Massachusetts calls for it, and the gentry of Boston are cheering on their Senator in his strange and reckless course." I referred to the cheers with which, as the papers informed us, his street harangue on slave-catching was received by his audience. No man born out of New-England has probably a higher respect than myself for the intelligence and virtue of her inhabitants. But human nature is, I suppose, the same in Massachusetts as elsewhere; and you have yet much to learn of the character of your species, if you deny that pecuniary interests, real or imagined, have a powerful influence on the political views of large bodies of men.

You greatly mistake me, sir, if you suppose I have troubled you with this letter from my idea of *self-defense*. The passionate and indefinite virulence of your assault renders it wholly innocuous to myself; but you have attempted (I admit in a very awkward manner) to identify my pro-slavery principles and conduct with the pro-slavery course of yourself and Mr. Webster. I think the sanction of his name would be convenient to both.

In yielding to the promptings of filial duty, and rescuing my father's memory from the disgrace you would attach to it, I may possibly have given some aid to a cause dear to my parent's heart, by exhibiting his own sentiments and conduct on the subject of slavery. You have moreover afforded me a convenient opportunity of exhibiting, by your own laborious efforts, the utter worthlessness of all Scriptural arguments in justification of American slavery, and the foul dishonor they cast upon the gospel of our ever blessed and adorable Redeemer. I cheerfully do you the justice to admit that your moral sense revolted against your Bible theory. But I beg you to reflect whether you are engaged in a wise and safe employment, and one becoming your position, when you labor to prove that the fountain whence we draw our knowledge of God's holy will, is sending forth most bitter waters, and that the tree of life is bearing the apples of Sodom?

The very unceremonious manner with which you have been pleased to treat me, will I trust excuse a little freedom on my part. Permit me to use the frankness you have invited, in submitting a few plain truths for the consideration of yourself, and your Reverend associates in Andover and elsewhere, whose theology embraces the political morality illustrated by Mr. Webster, and that system of evangelical benevolence which is exemplified in American slavery and the delivery of fugitives. Laymen, from their more promiscuous intercourse with the world, have usually better opportunities than the clergy of marking the practical working of agencies and influences unfavorable to Christianity. You are probably aware that even religious men are too much inclined to expect a higher standard of moral excellence in the clergy than they are willing to prescribe for themselves. The maxim that the world will love its own, is reversed in regard to such of the ministers of Christ as are supposed to belong to it—Hence in public estimation, the sacred character of a preacher of righteousness greatly aggravates every deviation from Christian morality, whether of conduct or opinion, which may be imputed to him. No intelligent man, unbiased by interest or education, can pause in pronouncing such a system as American slavery to be unjust and cruel. To deny this, is to deny that God has given to man the knowledge of good and evil, even in the lowest degree. But while multitudes are uncontrolled in their own conduct by their conviction of the wickedness of slavery, that conviction necessarily influences their opinion of him who, professing to be the messenger of Heaven, proclaims that this mighty wrong is sanctioned and allowed by a just and holy God. Such an announcement generally leads to one of two inferences: either that the preacher falsifies his message, or that a religion which outrages the moral sense of mankind cannot be of divine origin. The first is the inference most usually drawn, and disgust with the preacher is the natural result. But unaptly, instances are not wanting in which the arguments fabricated from the Bible effect a lodgment in the mind, and excite, not as was intended, hatred of abolition, but hatred of Christianity. Facts have come to my knowledge far too numerous to permit me to doubt for a moment, that the course pursued by many of our clergy in relation to caste and slavery, has shaken the faith of many weak Christians, and given a vast impulse to infidelity. There is, sir, great reason to fear that at the final account, the blood of souls will be found in the skirts of some who have proclaimed themselves commissioners to sanctify the whip and the floggers of the slave, by first hanging them on the cross of the Redeemer.

Once more, sir—there is not a miscreant in the street who insults and maltreats the negro, that does not know, if he knows anything of Christianity, that it is a religion intended for all, and that its Divine Author appeared in humble guise and associated freely with the poor, the lowly and the despised. Yet in the example and conduct of many a master in Israel may a sanction be found for the contumely, injustice and cruelty which fall to the lot of an unhappy and persecuted people. In vain has the voice of inspiration declared that in the Church of Christ there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free. In vain have we been reminded from on high, "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus." Certain Reverend disciples of the lowly Redeemer seem to be one with negroes, even in Christ Jesus, and hence with impious hands they build up the leathen barrier of *CASTE*, and insult in the very house of God all to whom the Almighty Father has seen fit in his sovereign pleasure to give a dark complexion. Not a few of these men are putting forth high pretensions to ministerial power and dignity—Episcopalians have recently been told by one of their Bishops, that the clergy are "the representatives of Christ, who alone have the charge of the discipline of his Church, with power to remit and retain sins." Yet within a few weeks the majority of the clergy of a neighboring diocese, assembled in Convention, deliberately refused a seat in the council of the Church to a brother representative

of Christ, and equally with themselves a remitter and retainer of sins, solely because African blood flowed in his veins.

We are favored with sermons and addresses in abundance on the importance of a learned ministry, and we are urged to give our money for the support of Theological Seminaries. Yet one of these Seminaries has practically declared that any preaching is good enough for negroes, by shutting its doors against the admission of colored candidates for holy orders.

The experience of the present, as well as past times, instructs us that Christianity is so identified in the minds of many with the character of its teachers, that the delinquencies of the one unhappy afford to multitudes an apology for questioning the authenticity of the other. If a woe be pronounced against him who offends even a little one who believes in Christ, surely the minister of the cross cannot be guiltless, when, yielding to political attachments, to the dictates of worldly policy, or the influence of unyielding prejudice, he undermines the faith of many, and gives great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.

I am, Reverend Sir,
Your obedient servant:
WILLIAM JAY.
Bedford, N. Y. 23d June, 1850.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS.—*Barker.*

Salem, Ohio, August 3, 1850.

Q The Anti-Slavery Meeting appointed to be held in Salem on Tuesday and Wednesday next is **INDEFINITELY POSTPONED**. For reasons see below.

The Anniversary—Change of Place.

Letters from our friends at New Lyme inform us that, in consequence of the short Hay crop in that region, it will hardly be possible for them to keep so great a number of horses as our Anniversary will be sure to bring together; and they reluctantly advise that the meeting be held in some other place. The grass left by the drought is now being devoured by myriads of grasshoppers, so that many of the farmers will hardly cut a load to the acre. This information has rendered it indispensable that some other place should be selected for the meeting; and as the friends at Randolph distrust their ability to furnish the necessary accommodations, the members of the Executive Committee residing in this neighborhood, after consultation, have unanimously determined that it must be held in Salem. There is in this region at least a plentiful supply of food both for horses and people; and although our friends here have been willing that some other place should have the privilege of exercising its hospitality in return for the social, intellectual and moral treat which the Anniversary is sure to bring with it, they will cheerfully open their doors and their hearts to all who may find it convenient to attend.

That Salem is the field for labor, although the calls in New England are louder and longer and stronger than ever before. The new Trinity formed recently in behalf of Church and State, consisting of Webster, Ryders and Professor Stuart, has shocked many into anti-slavery life. They have risen as from the dead to convince multitudes on whom our arguments and entreaties have been spent in vain. Let us welcome even such auxiliaries.

And loud as are our calls, we have very few indeed to answer them, either East or West. We have whole prairies of harvest, but where are the reapers? I would lie by and rest a year, but for the lack of them. Our positions are so startling, our doctrines so uncompromising, and to the world, so extravagant, that but few of our new converts, even from the learned professions, feel themselves equal to the battle in their defense. We need more than ever the old powder-smoked and war-scarred veterans, who have snuffed the conflict from the beginning.

But I will not occupy your space. I hope soon to see you, and many more of my newer to be forgotten friends in Ohio. And such ability as I have, both bodily and mental, I shall delight to lay upon your altar.

Yours, "world without end,"

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Lynn, Mass., 25th July, 1850.

New Mexico.

Hugh N. Smith, Delegate from New Mexico, has been refused a seat in Congress, where he would have had power merely to explain and defend the local wants and needs of his constituents, without the right to vote; by a vote of 105 to 94. Of the ayes (in favor of exclusion) 25 were from the North—all Democrats. Every Whig from the North, who voted at all, voted against this outrage upon the rights of a conquered territory. Two Southern Whigs (Gentry of Tenn. and Houston of Del.) also voted the same way; but the mass of that party in the Slave States voted with the Democrats for expulsion. The number of Whigs who voted against exclusion was 66—of Democrats only 19!—21 Members (all from the North!) were absent, or not voting—15 of them Whigs, 6 Democrats. Two of the Doughties who voted for expulsion were from Ohio, viz: John K. Miller, William A. Whittlesey. Of the absences or dodgers 3 (2 Dem. and 1 Whig) were from Ohio. The rest of the Ohio delegation (7 Dem., 7 Whigs, 2 Free-soil) voted against exclusion.

Whether the change of place will render necessary a change in the time appointed for the Anniversary, we cannot at this moment say. It is possible that, in order to afford time for the speakers to reach this place at the close of the meetings hereafter appointed, it may commence on the 17th instead of the 10th of September. The question will probably be decided in another week.

The Union Supports Slavery.

The Pittsburgh Gazette, in an article denouncing the Southern Disunionists for threatening to dissolve the national Confederacy to protect slavery, even at the risk of a servile war, says: "One blessing would, however, result from such a fearful and fratricidal war. Chattel slavery would be forever banished from the South. Let these mad enthusiasts for disunion think of this."

What is this but a confession that the Union is the chief pillar of slavery, without which the vile institution could not stand, and that its peaceful dissolution by the North would result in a speedy emancipation?

If it is madness for the South to seek dissolution as a means of protecting Slavery, surely it must be wisdom for the North to resort to it as a means of relieving herself of a criminal responsibility and of banishing slavery from the country.

Parker Pillsbury.

Death of S. Margaret Fuller.

We have a letter from Parker Pillsbury, written at his home in Concord, N. H., July 10th, in which he declares his intention to start for the West on the 6th or 7th inst., and to be in Cleveland on Friday the 9th. This will enable him, if no accident causes a farther detention, to be at the Randolph meeting on Sunday. It is possible, however, that he will make his first appearance at Akron.

We are sorry to be obliged to add that our friend's health is not yet restored. He says: "You will have to indulge me somewhat as to the amount of my labor, night exposure, and some little choice of stopping places. To one worn and weary, you know, a *humble* home, if you have found it a home before, is better than to be the guest of strangers, even in palaces." This remark was probably intended to be private, but the hint it conveys is so reasonable, and a compliance with it so necessary to our friend's comfort and health, that we do not hesitate to publish it. We trust that he will ever where find the attention and sympathy which his shattered and feeble constitution so much demands, and that the friends of the cause will be careful not to impose upon him burdens heavier than he can bear.

After the above was in type we received the following welcome epistle.

DEAR FRIEND JOHNSON: I am looking forward with many pleasing anticipations, to the day, (not now distant,) when I shall again step on the soil of Ohio. My pleasure is, however, mingled with something of sadness, that my health will not admit of so constant and protracted labor as when I have been in the State before. Through the Summer thus far, it has been my aim and purpose to recover, but I have only partially succeeded. My brain is still affected, and some other difficulties give me many unpleasant days and nights. I have during the last month attended but one meeting a week, and that only in connexion with two or three other speakers, so that my work has generally been very light. I could do more than that now, but am husbanding my strength for my visit to the West.

Yours is the field for labor, although the calls in New England are louder and longer and stronger than ever before. The new Trinity formed recently in behalf of Church and State, consisting of Webster, Ryders and Professor Stuart, has shocked many into anti-slavery life. They have risen as from the dead to convince multitudes on whom our arguments and entreaties have been spent in vain. Let us welcome even such auxiliaries.

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The bill also provides for the coining of three-cent pieces of silver, with sufficient alloy to make them of convenient size.

It also appropriates, to supply any deficiency that may arise by the reduction of postage rates, \$1,500,000; this sum standing now to the credit of the Post-Office Department, as the excess of its revenue over and above its expenditures since its establishment.

The bill will be passed at the present session, is more than we venture to hope.

THE CRISIS.—This, as most of our readers know, is the title of a small monthly sheet, issued at Cincinnati, by William Henry Brisbane, a repudiate slaveholder, formerly a resident of South Carolina. The paper is specially adapted for circulation at the South, Mr. Brisbane's knowledge of men and affairs in that region enabling him to find channels through which arguments and facts may reach Southern minds. The price of the paper is 50 cents per annum, and donations are solicited to enable the Editor to carry out his plan of gratuitous circulation in the Slave States.

CONTON PRISONERS.—Forty-two of the American prisoners in Havana have been liberated, one of them being pardoned for confession and information rendered to the Cuban government. Against the rest no cause of action was found. The correspondent of The Tribune states that the trial of the ten remaining is proceeding as rapidly as practicable. It is supposed that seven scum will be cleared, and that the Captain of the Georgiana, Rufus Benson, the mate, Joseph Grafton, and the mate of the Susan Loud, Thomas G. Hale, will be dealt with as guilty parties, or pirates.

THE CABINET.—The list of Cabinet appoint-

ments given last week, on telegraphic authority, was erroneous in one important particular.

The new Postmaster General, it appears, is not

A. A. Hall of Tennessee, but N. K. Hall of New York (Buffalo.) The South, therefore,

has not *four* but *four* of the seven Cabinet offices.

Pay Up.

T. M. WICKESHAM, who for some weeks past has been traveling on the Western Reserve for the purpose of making collections and obtaining subscribers for The Bugle, is about to visit Medina Co. We hope those of our subscribers in that region who are in arrears will be prepared to settle their accounts when he calls upon them; and that such as wish to pay in advance will avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered to do so.

This and That.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.—The difference between an honest man of elevated thought, free from party bias, and a mere partisan, with only one idea, and that of illiberal dimensions, was never more fully exemplified than in the following extracts from notices of the death of our chief magistrate, the first of which we take from the Oberlin Evangelist, and the other from the Anti-Slavery Bugle, the organ of Abby Kelley Fosterism in Ohio.—*Elyria Courier.*

From the Oberlin Evangelist.

Of his preparation in the eye of God and as tested already in the spirit world, we have no certain means of judging. That in public civil life he has sought what he deemed the best good of his country, we know of no reason to question. In many things his upright and decided course has won for him our approbation and our growing confidence. His relations to slavery and to the South gave him an influence to restrain the extreme wing of the pro-slavery party which we fear no living man will rise up in his stead to wield. It may be that we shall long see that we have but too much reason to deplore his death. But our trust for our country is, and shall be, in the living God. If we please Him, He will save us. If we incur his frown, it were vain for us to repose in strong men to avert the judgments we deserve.

From the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

A Telegraphic dispatch from Hon. J. Cable, M. C., from this district, to W. D. Morgan of New Lisbon, dated Washington, July 10th, says: "President Taylor is dead! He expired last (Tuesday) night at eleven o'clock." Previous advices represented him to be extremely ill of Cholera Morbus, to which disease he has fallen a victim. Whether the Second Washington, like the first, has provided by his will for the emancipation of his slaves, or whether they are the doomed victims of still further wrongs at the hands of new masters, remains to be seen. His fulsome eulogists probably will not trouble themselves about such a small matter as the freedom or slavery of 300 'niggers.'

Thus while there are meeting-houses and school-houses in Ellsworth which, according to the account of Conrad Bunts, is a member of the Methodist church, and Joseph Colt a member of the Presbyterian church, Wm. Colt is a Whig in politics; and goes for Whiggery and Presbyterianism. Inquired if there was any other hall or public building in Ellsworth that could be obtained to hold an Anti-Slavery meeting? "Not one," was the answer.

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EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

CINCINNATI Correspondence.

CINCINNATI, July 25, 1850.

A writer in the *Southern Press* alleges that in many of the Southern Cities and large towns a majority of the whole people, and in every one a sufficiently large minority to control the local elections, is composed of men of North birth and education, and foreigners whose prejudices, sympathies and opinions are all with the North. This is only another way of saying that nearly all the enterprising business men of the South have been reared in the Free States, while the native Southerners are too lazy to do any thing but dabble in politics and growl at the North. We submit to the slaveholders that, unless they mean to blow up their own citadel, they must prevent their own organ from telling such tales out of the family.

The Colonizationists are about to establish a regular packet between New-York and Monrovia for the conveyance of emigrants; and it is said that the Committee of the lower House of Congress, to whom the subject had been referred, have agreed to report a bill providing for the establishment of a line of war and mail steamers, to run regularly between the United States and the American Colonies on the Coast of Africa.

A benevolent association in Baltimore having received from England a present of books, asked Congress to remit the duties upon them, but the favor was not granted from a fear on the part of the slaveholding members that one of the books might be found to contain something opposed to their cherished institution! Brave fellows, these Southerners, to get frightened at the ghost of an argument!

The Whigs of Vermont, in a resolution adopted at their recent State Convention, distinctly recognize the obligations imposed by the Constitution in reference to fugitive slaves; and then gravely insist upon *habeas corpus* and trial by jury, as if they were of any value to a slave, or one proved to be such according to the Constitution! What a mockery! It is thus that Northern politicians seek to cover their villainy in supporting our present national compact.

One of the South Carolina Members of Congress has admitted to a correspondent of The Tribune that while Doty's resolution was under consideration, some members (Southern of course) went to the Hall armed for several days. It is thus that slaveholders reveal their true character as criminals of the deepest dye.

David Wilmot recently declared that he would cheerfully vote for any man whose principles were in accordance with his own, whether he was the owner of slaves or not. It would seem to be a legitimate inference either that owning slaves is not contrary to Mr. Wilmot's principles, or that he judges men by their professions rather than their practice.

Long John Wentworth of Chicago declines re-election to Congress. His opponents intimate that Congressional grapes have become sour only because, tall as he is, he can no longer reach them! He has proved himself a political shuffler, at one time making a show of regard for freedom, and anon betraying the cause.

J. Stanley Grimes, having made certain statements in the Tribune tending to show that the 'mysterious rappings' are the result of trick and contrivance, has been totally used up and extinguished by E. W. Capron and Wm. Fishbaugh. The rappings have not yet been traced to any natural cause, and remain as great a puzzle as ever.

The Southern Press solemnly declares that the Union can be preserved only by a division of our territorial acquisitions between the North and South—in other words, by consigning all South of a certain line to the unfathomable horrors of Slavery. We doubt whether even the doughfaces will dare to yield that.

Horace Summer, a younger brother of Charles Summer, of Boston, the well-known advocate of Peace, was lost in the wreck of the brig Elizabeth from Leghorn, in company with Margaret Fuller Ossoli and husband. He was a young man of fine attainments and great promise.

The Lowell American says the latest vote of Mr. Webster, on the Compromise, was, in company with the slaveholders and his doughy brethren, in favor of giving up 70,000 square miles of New Mexican free territory to the slave states of Texas. He was the only northerner who voted that way.

A traveling correspondent of the True Democrat thinks that if the garden of our first parents had been placed in the valley of the Mohawks, they would have been content, and mother Eve would not have taken the apple!

David Wilmot, in a recent speech, said he believed the interests of the South controlled the Republic, and wielded its destinies. He was opposed to slavery because it was senseless, heartless, unfeeling, and regardless of the rights of humanity.

The Texas bondholders, who expected to finger the \$10,000,000 bribe to Texas, which forms a part of Clay's Omnibus scheme, are in a terrible panic now that the plan is knocked in the head. "There's many a slip 'tween the finger and the thumb."

Mr. Kenyon, a Baptist clergyman of Lake County, preached three anti-slavery discourses in Lavauna on Sunday, July 21st. The Star speaks highly of them.

Abbot Lawrence, it is said, owes his confirmation, as Minister to Great Britain, to the personal exertions of Mr. Webster. What's in the wind, that 'Pilate and Herod' have so suddenly become friends?

A new town, called Eureka, is expected to be the capital of California.

The *Anti-Slavery Bugle* is written by the gills.

Miscellaneous.

The Reconciled Father.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"I am going around by Broad street, to inquire of Ross, the glover, about little Lucy Wendall."

"Lucy Wendall! who is she?"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a dwelling, that looks like a crack or seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lived with her grand parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it, but they had been out-bargained and out-witted till they were reduced to this little tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my pretty friend Lucy, a pretty, fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to State street, I knew nothing of the family; but, from such observations as my eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant, Minerva, (the Goddess of Wisdom should have known better,) used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar; their carpet was shook every Saturday, the steps scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting-cloth in her hand. Such a way of extirpation did she carry on against intruding particles, that my friend E. used to say it must be hard to her to think of turning to dust."

"Lucy had no visitors, no companions, and of the only indulgence of the old people, which was, sitting on the stoop every afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook. She never went out, excepting on Sunday to church, and then she remained me of one of those bright, pretty flowers, that hang on the craggy, bare stems of the cactus. I pitied her, her spring of life seemed passing away so drearily. My pity was misplaced; and I felt it to be so when I looked into her eyes, the serene countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which flows from duties religiously performed! It is great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you, and not to waste your efforts or strength in seeking to do good, or to obtain pleasure, beyond our sphere. This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendall's. At last there came to this family what comes to all, death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the Influenza that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, as an old friend; for, though we had never exchanged a word, there had been an interchange of kind and friendly nods—those little humanities that bind even strangers together. On inquiry into her affairs, I found she had left almost penniless, but a discreet and kind female friend had procured a place for her in Ross' glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the arts and handicraft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is very thriving tradesman; and, to the warm recommendation of Lucy's friend, he, too, had promised to board her in his family, and, allowing her sufficient compensation for her labor."

"In a few days she removed to her new house. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me that she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and, since then, I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reproving, my lady Mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Mr. Ross', to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us almost to the shop;—John Ross, glove manufacturer! This must be the place. Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself! What a fine head! You might know such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast where it would. He would have made a resolute general, a safe statesman; but he is an honest, thriving glover, and that, perhaps, is just as well; nothing truer than the tried old couplet:

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;

"Act well your part: there all the honor lies."

"The old man looks as though he might be a little tyrannical, though. Heaven grant that poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy."

"The only customer is coming out now; we have a fair field, let us go in."

"Mr. Ross, I believe."

"The same, ma'am."

"I came, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman who came to live with you last Christmas."

"I have a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

"The old man's humor required me to be explicit. Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendall."

"Ah, Lucy Wendall did come into the factory about that time."

"There was an expression in Ross' face at the mention of her name, that might betoken, and it might befit, evil of Lucy."

"I merely wish to know, Mr. Ross, whether Lucy has given satisfaction, and whether she still remains with you?"

"Was you friend to Lucy Wendall, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and interested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents."

Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were on the counter, then tied up the bundle and laid it on the shelf.

"You seem, Mr. Ross, not disposed to answer my inquiry. I am afraid some accident has happened to the poor girl."

"Would you like to know ma'am what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his desk, and seemed about to begin his story.

"Certainly, I would."

"Well, you know when Lucy Wendall came to me, she was a little deneue thing, not a beauty, but so comely and so tidy, that she was a pretty resting-place for the eye of old or young. She was a great contrast to the other girls in the shop as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbing. You know what a parcel of girls are ma'am, dinging away from morning till night, like forty thousand chinymewallows. Lucy was very different; she made herself neat and tidy in the morning, and did not lose half an hour at noon when the pretties were coming to dinner, twitching their curl-papers and furling their hair. The

boys all girls used to have their joke about her, and call her the little person; but she only preached in her actions, and that is what I call practical preaching, ma'am: she was a little master-workman at her needle, I never had a match for her since I began business: but you know there's always a *but* in this life; she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I could least bear to be crossed."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son, John Ross—a fine, fresh-looking, good-natured, industrious lad. I set my heart on marrying his cousin, Amy Bruce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set up John in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I knew that young folks' love is like an unbroken colt, that will not mind spur nor bit. I never mistrusted anything was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonder about a Canary bird that they found, when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered that John had asked me for five dollars the day before, and, when I asked what he wanted it for, he looked sheepish, and made no answer. I thought it prudent, before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes about his cousin Amy. My wishes, ma'am, I have always made a law to my children. To be sure, I have taken care, for the most, that they should be reasonable. I am a little willful, I own it; but it's young folks' business to mind; and children, obey your parents' is the law both of scripture and of nature. So I told John. I did not hint any suspicions about Lucy, but I told him, this marriage with his cousin he could have no objection to, what I had long set my heart upon, and what he must set about without delay, on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked downcast; but saw that I was determined, and I believed he would obey me. A few evenings after, I saw a light in the work-shop after the usual time, I went to inquire into it. I had only my slippers, and my shoes made little or no sound. The upper part of the door was set with glass. I saw Lucy finishing off a pair of gloves—my son was standing by her. It appears they were for him, and he insisted upon her trying them on his hand. Her's, poor thing, seemed to tremble. The glove would not go on, but it came off; and their hands met without *gloves*, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was obedience to me, and told Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter is past, I must do John the justice to say he stood by his like a man. He had given his heart and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him who was not unworthy of her love. He said, too, something of my being a kind father, and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first case of my doing a wrong would be to the poor orphan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this, but know anger is a short madness, and, besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feeling as the strong sense we are wilfully doing wrong."

"I was harsh, and John lost his temper, and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak; it ended in my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John, that, if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him.

The next morning they had both cleared out, and everybody thought they had gone off to get married, and so I believed till night, when John came in like a distracted man, said he had been all day seeking Lucy in vain; that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her; and, when I answered, 'so much the better,' he accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as should never pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away—but hear me. Saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been wrong. He begged pardon, and promised to obey me in all things but marrying Amy Bruce. 'I give up Lucy, father,' said he, 'but I cannot marry anybody else.' I gave him, from the bottom of my heart, I forgave him—and I long to ask him to forgive me—but I have not come to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter which he had received from Lucy.

"I honor and fame from no condition rise;

Act well your part: there all the honor lies.'

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The Story-Teller.

All blessings on their name and fame,
The pleasant story-tellers,
The benefactors of the world,
Care-soothers—sorrow-quellers.

Blessings upon them each and all,
From sweet Scheherazade—
(The best of story-tellers yet,
A model of a lady—)

To modern times when other dames,
As tender and loquacious,
Pour forth three volumes at a time,
Romantic and vivacious.

Blessings upon them! whatsoe'er
Their language or their nation,
Who people earth with deathless forms
Of beautiful creation!—

On old Boccaceo, gay as youth—
On Chaucer, fresh as morning;
On heavenly Shakespeare, friend of man,
Humanity adoring!—

On staunch Defoe, whose fruits were sweet,
Though somewhat stubborn-minded;—
On honest Bunyan, firm of faith,
Sublime, but simple-minded;—

On Swift, from out whose bitterness
There came a sweetness after;—
On Sterne, the master of our tears,
The ruler of our laughter;—

On Fielding, from whose wondrous pen
Came forth a stream incessant
Of wit and mirth, and feeling too,
And genial fancies pleasant;—

On Smollett, Goldsmith, Richardson;—
And Radcliffe, ruin-hauntrress,
Dear to our hearts for youthful dreams,
A sweet, but sad enchantress;—

On Walter Scott, great Potentate,
Who ruled over wide dominions,
As wide as fancy e'er surveyed,
On her supporting pinions;—

On Dickens, monarch of our hearts—
The Wizard's fit successor;—
And on all story-tellers true—
The greater and the lesser;—

On all who spurn'd through Fairyland
Their flying Rosinantes;—
On Rabelais, Voltaire, Rousseau,
Lesage, and quaint Cervantes.

But if my voice might claim for one
A special benediction,
I'd pour it on Lessing's head,
For his immortal fiction.

The roguish boy of Santillane—
Who has not read his story?
Who has not revel'd o'er his faults,
His trials, and his glory?

Who has not learn'd in youth or age
Some wisdom from his preaching,
Some gem of truth he might have scorn'd
From more obtrusive teaching?

But blessings on them, each and all,
I make no reservation;
In their page they love mankind,
And seek its elevation;—

If evermore, both right and wrong
They bring to due fruition,
And show that knavery in the end
Must work its own perdition;—

If evermore their words console
The virtuous in dejection,
And if their laughter like their tears
Teach goodness and affection;—

My choicest heroes on their heads—
Care-soothers—sorrow-quellers—
Creators of a magic world,
Immortal story-tellers.

From the Buffalo Morning Express.

Thrilling Incident.

On Saturday last, a middle aged man living on Navy Island, started in a small canoe, with his son, a lad of some twelve years old, for Chippewa. The distance is short—less than a mile, we should say, and although the current of the river is quite rapid, the trip is not attended with any hazard, if the boy is managed with ordinary skill. But in this case the man was very drunk, and only embarrassed the boy, so the boat drifted below the mouth of the creek before the boy could approach the shore. Seeing the impossibility of reaching the Canada shore, the boy turned her toward the head of Goat Island, and paddling with surprising strength and dexterity, his father barely steering, without rending him any efficient aid.

The boat was swept down with frightful velocity, but the boy struggled most perseveringly, and when she was drawn into the rapids, he had propelled her so far across the Canada channel as to direct her course between the middle and inside Sister, the little islands lying outside of Goat Island, near the upper end. There is a fall of some fifteen feet, extending nearly across the little islands, and the water is of about the same size and looks like a hillock of sand. The new island was at first covered with sand and pebbles like the bottom of the lake, but the waves have dashed over it since and washed it down to a black clay. The water was about 5 feet deep where the island was formed, and a boat had passed over the very spot not five minutes before its formation.

A few rods from the beach, back on the

rise of ground, a great depression of the earth took place as remarkable as the upheaving of the water. A circular spot of ground, some fifty rods in circumference, covered with trees, was suddenly sunk down to the

depth of 20 feet below the surface.

A number of Indians, who were encamped near this place, were very much frightened at this strange manifestation of the power of the "Great Spirit," and fled from the place in great terror, and could not be persuaded for some time to visit the spot. No agitation of the earth, or shock or noise took place, and the cause must have been far less powerful than the internal convulsions of the earth that usually accompany such phenomena; it is still worthy the notice and consideration of geologists and scientific inquirers after truth; and we shall be obliged for any additional particulars that will throw light upon the subject, or for any information that will explain the singular phenomenon.

Appendix to Webster's Dictionary.

Websterlogic.—The name of a fashionable cloak, spun and woven in eastern cotton mills, and fitted by a southern Taylor, to cover the nation's leprosy.

Websteronfugitives.—"Whistling against the North wind."

Websterlegislation.—Re-enacting *infernal*, rather than divine laws.

Webstergranite.—A substance apparently solid in Massachusetts, which softens to *dough* under a *southern sun*.

Webstervirtue.—A fruit of very refreshing and invigorating qualities, cultivated in the northern states, but acquiring a nauseous flavor, cultivated below latitude 36° 30'.

WebsterandClayonibus.—A vehicle which the people of the free states must upset and destroy, being too slow for these railroad and telegraphic times.

Websterunion.—See "Union" on Webster!

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Consisting of back volumes of the following valuable works, viz:

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